

Don Quijote

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THE DON QUIXOTE OF CERVANTES.

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AMONG the brightest names in literature is that of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, commonly called Cervantes. Although a voluminous and distinguished writer, it is as the author of *Don Quixote* alone that he is known to the world, and by this effort of his genius he has attained an imperishable fame; for time will only add to the number of the admirers of a work whose wit and humor are derived from the closest study of nature, and whose descriptions will find their counterpart in every corner of the world.

Notwithstanding that the manners of the era in which the history of *Don Quixote* saw the light, admitted, if they did not encourage, a certain broadness and laxity of expression, which would shock the more refined instincts of the modern reader, there cannot be found in all its pages one doctrine, one opinion, one inference, which is not in the last degree inimical to immorality, as to its fuller development—confirmed vice. Nor is the object of the work confined alone to the inculcation of virtue; though this were all-sufficient to entitle an author to the greatest measure of our esteem. Cervantes' aim took a much wider range. Priestcraft and tyranny were not of too great importance to prevent his attacking, also, hypocrisy, false pride, and a long accompaniment of lesser failings; all of which were, however, so delicately and carefully, yet so firmly assailed, that nothing served more ably to enforce the wholesome strictures of the writer than his wise moderation. The History of *Don Quixote* needs no encomiums at our hands; neither would we presume to become its interpreter or its eulogist. Still, if our remarks serve to recall to the mind of the reader—jaded, perhaps, by the political turmoil of the day or by the cares of business—the excellences of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and of the renowned Sancho, his squire, we shall have fulfilled all that we designed.

Properly to appreciate this master-piece of Cervantes, it should be read in the noble, sonorous language of the gods, as the Spanish has been imaginatively termed; and next to this, with a view to arrive with some degree of correctness at the moral intention of the author, and of the peculiar wit of the phraseology which he employs, we should endeavor to understand the genius of the style which he affects. To render into a foreign tongue a language which abounds in idiomatic expressions, is at all times a difficult undertaking, because few nations assimilate in their selection of phrases for idiomization, and fewer use the same style of idiom, when they happen to be so selected. To illustrate: Suppose a foreigner desired to translate into his own language the American phrase, 'Go ahead.' Literally, the Spaniard would render it, 'Ir a cabeza,' which would be sheer nonsense. The Frenchman would say, 'Aller à tête,' an expression equally absurd; while the Italian would write, 'Andare a testa,' which, if possible, sounds still more ridiculous.

There is, however, a way out of the difficulty, and it is to be regretted that some such plan has not been adopted, in order that American and English readers might be afforded an opportunity of forming a closer acquaintance than has yet been attained with this delightful work. Let us follow out this branch of the question with the same example. A Spaniard might render the national expression, 'Go ahead,' by the Spanish phrase, '*Avanzar*, or *adelantar la proa*;' literally, to 'advance the bow' (of a ship or vessel); and the affinity which exists in our minds between the steam-boat and this common adjuration might be told in a short marginal annotation—a means by which the Spanish reader would be made acquainted at once with the idioms of our language, and their origin, construction, and object. This is the kind of translation which is wanted of Don Quixote, in order that those who do not read the Spanish language may look on the melancholy knight as something more than a mere madman, and on his doughty squire as better than a '*drôle*,' or miserable dolt.

The style of Dickens has often been compared with that of Cervantes, from whom it is highly probable that the former, as well as Fielding, adopted the principles of their peculiar writing. Judging of the productions of Cervantes and Dickens, we must perhaps accord to Dickens the greater merit, on account of the greater amount of good which, politically speaking, has rewarded some of his works. Cervantes wrote to satirize the follies of the age, and to correct among his fellow-countrymen certain growing evils, the existence of which he discovered in their character. Dickens, on the other hand, appeals rather to the domestic feelings of his readers, and endeavors to show vice in its worst colors, while he strives to supply virtue with the most lovely tints, in order that he may inculcate morality by rendering the one disgusting and the other attractive. The only work of Dickens which may be said to be without this claim to praise is '*Pickwick*,' which is merely a recital of ludicrous adventures ironically expressed. But it would be only proper to say, that if the works of Cervantes are not so highly marked as those of Dickens with the benevolent desire to extend happiness by extending virtue, it is only because Cervantes lived in an age when the rights of man were only vaguely understood and partially recognized. That straining of the cord of

Power which is called Tyranny, had not yet roused suffering humanity to successful rebellion, nor had Education so far extended her influence as to teach men who bent submissively in chains at the feet of those who bound them, that great moral truth which it was left for America to pass into an axiom, that 'All men are born free and equal.' In the time of Cervantes, the Poor had not been sufficiently educated, nor had the Noble been sufficiently taught the value of the Poor, to appreciate the lessons or the uses of the ennobling study of Freedom.

Few men have known more of human nature than did the author of '*Don Quixote*.' Cervantes saw and studied it in many of its phases and in almost all its positions in life. As a soldier, he had suffered the hardships of war in the struggle between the Venetians and the Turks, in 1570, when the former were aided by the arms of Spain. He had known privation on the field of battle, and had been wounded in naval engagements. He had suffered the horrors and hardships of captivity among barbarians, in countries where the religion of CHRIST was regarded as a stain and a degradation. He had basked in the sunshine of the Court of Spain; and it was while experiencing the miseries of a prison in his native country, that he commenced his world-famed '*Historia del Ingenioso Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha*.'

It may be said that in this work Cervantes has received some assistance from the character of the language in which he wrote; for if there be any tongue in the world which can aid a pathetic story by its flowing beauty, or which can assist the relation of bold and adventurous heroism by its sonorous sweetness, it is the noble Castilian. Full, rich, and rounded, its every syllable expresses in its mere sound, and without perhaps the assistance of association, the meaning and force of the passion or feeling which it is intended to convey. But Cervantes has been accused of introducing an Italian construction into much of the language employed in this work. This can in a great measure be accounted for by his long residence in Italy, during which period the many attractions which that soft tongue possesses led him to acquire a fondness for it which never wholly deserted him, and induced him occasionally to take liberties with his own language which perhaps only render his style more piquant.

The character of Don Quixote is gleaned from the first few chapters of the history, and is soon related. A man of weak intellect, but of strong superstitious habits, and very excitable temperament, becomes imbued with the spirit of chivalry from reading those fabulous accounts of heroic knights with which Spain abounded at that period. The most marvellous tales were told of these worthies, among whom Amadis de Gaula stood prominently forward. These histories of dreadful encounters with many-headed giants, battles with fiery dragons, struggles with innumerable lions, and incessant opposition to powerful and wicked enchanters, formed the most attractive source of instruction to the worthy gentleman, who read and studied them so often that at last they turned his brain, and made a monomaniac of a man who, but for them, would perhaps have filled a respectable though quiet position in his native district all his life. But constantly dwelling on this darling subject, and always admiring actions which his limited education did not permit him to regard as fabulous, but which appeared most worthy of imitation, he determined

in his insanity to leave his house and wander up and down the world in search of wrongs which he might set right, cruelties which he might abolish, tyrants whom he might annihilate, distressed damsels whom he might console, aggrieved widows whom he might succor, and ruined orphans whom he might set up on the thrones of their fathers.

Satirical as is this exodus of Don Quixote from his comfortable home to establish a social millennium upon the earth, Cervantes had a great object in view when he imagined it. There was then in Spain, as there is now, but in a much greater degree, that adoration of noble birth so highly characteristic of the Castilian. This distinctive pride gave rise to much that was honorable and heroic in the Spanish character; but that in some measure it induced men to look down with contempt upon their fellow-beings, it is impossible to deny; and as the descendants of Spanish knights, who had been much renowned for deeds of chivalry, possessed the objectionable feeling in a more than ordinary degree, one object of Cervantes appears to have been to read a marked lesson on the profession of knight-errantry to those whose only glory was in the reflection of a false light, shining through the page of history, from the tombs of their ancestors.

The author would also appear to have desired to teach those who, like many in our own times, being dissatisfied with the bountiful present, are ever sighing after the unattainable past, that in wishing for the reestablishment of an extinct folly, they sought after a vain thing, which was entirely without their reach, and which could not exist contemporaneously with the spirit of a later age.

Cervantes desired also to manifest that the so-called great and noble deeds and magnificent exploits recorded in the fables of chivalry were, in nine cases out of every ten, instances of the most unblushing interference with private liberty, the most tyrannical attempts at a violation of human justice, and an unjustifiable gratification of vanity, pride, and conceit, at the expense of common sense, and of that religion which chivalry pretended to uphold, but which inculcates meekness, charity, and universal brotherhood.

Properly to estimate these great objects of a great author, we must remember the prevalent spirit of the age in which Cervantes attempted, entirely unaided, to stem the torrent of popular prejudice, to uphold the birth of the infant giant Democracy, and to attack with the keenest of weapons, (one indeed whose wounds few men are ever found to pardon,) ridicule; a principle which, how wrong and unwise soever in itself, the upper classes of the country had been taught to reverence with feelings of holy awe and superstitious respect. He undertook to combat the prejudices of the aristocracy, when he could not expect to receive the assistance of the people, who were too ignorant to understand his motives and too careless to appreciate them.

The manner in which Cervantes carried out his objects may be briefly expressed as follows. For the purpose of demonstrating the inapplicability of knight-errantry to the then present age, he introduces an imaginary knight riding up and down among the high-roads and by-ways of his native province, seeking adventures which might redound to the honor of his own name and to the glory of that of his inamorata. In order to place his

knight on the stage without the committal of anachronisms, he makes the hero of his tale a madman; and with a view to find a ready access for his lessons to all sorts of men, he makes the incidents connected with his hero truly ludicrous and satirical, by describing the knight throughout the work in the most ridiculous positions and embarrassed situations. These are generally conceived in a style of humor and wit which far outdoes any modern author. Not only are the expressions of the knight absurdly farcical, and therefore calculated to excite the mirth of the reader, but there is also a degree of depth and profundity in their construction which mark the power of an author who does not in these instances, like Mr. Dickens, call in the aid of either irony or slang. I will presently introduce a few sentences, in order to prove the correctness of this assertion.

For example, when the mad knight, on the road to his house, (whither he was going with the wise intention of providing himself with money and clean linen previous to a second and more important departure,) meets the merchants, he thus declaims to the astonished passengers, his lance in the rest, his shield before his breast, and his heart fully prepared for battle: 'Let every one beware if every one does not confess that there is not in the whole world a more beautiful maiden than the Empress of La Mancha, the unequalled Dulcinea del Toboso.' 'Todo el mundo se tenga si todo el mundo no confiesa que no hay en el mundo toda doncella mas hermosa que la Emperatriz de la Mancha, la sin par Dulcinea del Toboso.'

This sort of proceeding, though to a somewhat less extravagant degree, was by no means uncommon in the histories of knight-errantry; and its peculiar absurdity, as applied to a later age, is strongly marked in the sequel to the adventure.

One of the merchants hearing the extraordinary menace of the knight, and marvelling at the strange and uncouth appearance of the madman, answered: 'Señor Caballero, nosotros no conocemos quien es esa buena señora que decís; mostradnosla; que si ella fuere de tanta hermosura como significais, de buena gana y sin apremio alguno confesaremos la verdad que por parte vuestra nos es pedida.' 'Señor Caballero, we know not who is this good lady of whom you speak; show her to us, and if she be of so much beauty as you signify, we will confess the truth which you ask of us with great good-will, and without being at all forced thereto.'

This answer of the merchant was reasonable, and therefore opposed to the principles of knight-errantry, as reason is frequently contrary to the ideas of persons who inculcate new dogmata, or support old fallacies, while they refuse or are unable to convince the world, which is unwilling blindly to lend its faith to doctrines unsupportable by proof. It is in ridicule of such enthusiasts that Cervantes makes his mad hero reply in the following abusive address: 'Si os la mostrara, qué hicierades vosotros en confesar una verdad tan notoria? La importancia está en que sin verla lo habeis de creer, confesar, afirmar, jurar, y defender; donde no, conmigo sois en batalla, gente descomunal y soberbia.' 'If I were to show her to you, what would be the merit in confessing so notorious a fact? The importance is, that without seeing her you have to

believe, confess, affirm, swear, and assert it; otherwise you are at war with me, strange and proud people.'

The satire of the scene in ridicule of the class to which we have alluded, is too pointed to require farther reference.

Again, Don Quixote says to Sancho, his squire, when dining among the goat-herds: '*Quiero que aqui a mi lado y en compañía desta buena gente te sientes, y que seas una misma cosa conmigo que soy tu amo y natural señor, que comas en mi plato y bebas por donde yo bebiere, porque de la caballeria andante se puede decir lo mismo que del amor se dice quo todas cosas iguala.*' 'I desire that thou shouldst sit at my side here in the company of these good folks, and be one same thing with me who am thy master and natural lord, that you should eat from my plate, and drink where I drink, because it may be said of chivalry as of love, that it makes all things equal.'

Sancho, however, wisely objects to this, alleging that in his station of life he would be more comfortable eating by himself than sitting at the side of an emperor, even though he should have to content himself with his usual coarse fare, because he would be more at his ease in his accustomed manner than if overwhelmed with ceremonies to which he was not used.

This is an admirable reply, and a good lesson to levellers who pretend to be ignorant of social distinctions; but as usual, knight-errantry annuls by force that which it cannot destroy by reason, and Sancho is pulled down to a seat by his master, who coolly remarks: '*Con todo eso has de sentar; porque a quien se humilia Dios le ensalza.*' 'Notwithstanding all that, thou hast to sit down; for God raises up him who humiliates himself.'

The advice, however, which Don Quixote gives to Sancho on his departure from the Duke's palace to take possession of his government, is full of profound wisdom and excessive goodness; so much so, indeed, that Cervantes has excused his putting such language into the mouth of a madman by saying, '*Quien oyera el pasado razonamiento de Don Quixote que no le tuviera por persona muy cuerda y mejor intencionada? Pero como muchas veces en el progreso desta grande historia queda dicho, solamente disparaba en tocandole en la caballeria, y en los demas discursos mostraba tener clara y desenfadado entendimiento.*' 'Who could hear the above reasoning of Don Quixote without supposing him a most sane and prudent person? But as has been many times repeated in the course of this great history, he wandered only on subjects of chivalry, and on all other matters he manifested the possession of a clear and undisturbed judgment.' Among his principal items of advice to Sancho, we find the following:

'Firstly, my son, thou must fear God, because in fearing Him there is wisdom, and being wise, thou wilt not be able to err in any thing.

'Secondly, thou must set thy eyes on whom thou art, endeavoring to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be imagined. From knowing thyself will proceed thy not swelling thyself like the frog which wished to equalize himself with the ox; for if thou dost this, the recollection of having tended pigs in thine own land will come to be ugly feet for the tail of thy madness.

'Glory in the humility of thy lineage, and do not take shame to thyself to say that thou camest of peasants, because, seeing that thou dost not depreciate thyself, no one will attempt to depreciate thee; and pride thyself more on being a virtuous humble man than a proud sinner.

'See, Sancho, if thou takest virtue as thy means, and art proud of virtuous deeds, there is no reason to have envy of those who hold them 'princes' and 'lords;' because virtue is acquired, and blood is inherited; and virtue of itself is worth what blood is not worth.

'This being so, as so it is, if perchance any one of thy relations should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, do not send him forth nor affront him; rather must thou invite and regale him, for with this wilt thou satisfy HEAVEN, who wills that none dislike what HEAVEN made, and thou wilt respond to what thou owest to well-regulated nature.

'If thou takest thy wife with thee, (for it is not well that those who assist governments for a long while should be without their own,) teach her, indoctrinate her, and remove from her her natural roughness, because all that a prudent governor can acquire, a foolish and rustic wife may undo.

'Let the tears of the poor find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the complaints of the rich.

'Endeavor to discover the truth from among the promises and bribes of the rich, as from among the lamentations and importunities of the poor.

'When equity can and should have sway, do not load the delinquent with all the rigor of the law, for the fame of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate one.

'When it happens to thee to judge the law-suit of thine enemy, remove thy thoughts from thine own injury, and place them on the truth of the case.

'Do not ill-treat him with words whom thou hast to punish with acts; for the pain of punishment is sufficient to the unfortunate, without the addition of reproaches.

'If thou desirest to dress six pages, dress three and other three poor ones, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and the earth.

'Speak slowly, but not in such a manner that it may appear that thou listenest to thyself, for all affectation is evil.

'Be temperate in thy drink, considering that too much wine neither keeps a secret nor fulfils a promise.'

The wisdom and general intelligence in these items of sage advice, manifest an extremely vigorous mind, which would be wholly at variance with the folly of a maniac, did not our author consistently preserve, throughout his work, the fact that the wandering of Don Quixote's mind, how great soever on the exciting subject of chivalry, amounted after all only to monomania.

It is particularly to be remembered that Cervantes' opinions on the subject of chivalry should not induce his readers to imagine that he depreciated moral courage properly directed, or devotion to country even to the extreme of capability. It is perhaps not hazarding too much in his favor to say that a braver man never lived. He proved his possession of that noble description of courage which enables a good and high-minded man to oppose an unbending front to the shafts of malice, prejudice, and envy. He was ever constant in his valor as in his good

faith; and that he highly valued the rare virtue of esteeming his life little when weighed against the interest of his country, is testified by his famous expression after being severely wounded in a naval engagement which occurred on the seventh October, 1571, and resulted in a victory in favor of the side for which he fought: 'El soldado mas bien parece muerto en la batalla que sano en la fuga.' 'Better appears the soldier dead on the field of battle than safe in flight.'

And now with becoming respect let us approach the consideration of that squire of squires, that pink of attendants and wisest of governors, Sancho Panza, father of Sanchito of that ilk, husband of the rustic but clever Teresa Panza, and man-at-arms to the ever-remembered and famous Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Amid the pleasantries of Sancho, his innumerable proverbs, his unfailing credulity, his keen matter-of-fact observations, who has failed to discover one of the most truthful sketches of original character which ever fell from the pen of a gifted writer? Thoughtless alike of ambition and personal aggrandizement as of romantic and chivalric feeling, he is induced to follow the fortunes of his seignorial lord, only in the hope of serving his own mundane interests, by securing for himself and his family an income which would for ever shield them from the dishonorable dependence which was then, as it is now, only the too common lot of the Spanish peasant. Actuated by these feelings, he consents to roam the world with his master in search of adventures, only in the hope of obtaining the great desideratum which is held out to him in all sincerity by the Don, namely, the governorship of an island which the valor of the knight is to conquer in an incredibly short space of time. The monomania of the master induces him to promise promptly and conscientiously that which the man accepts, in prospective, readily and in all good faith. Sancho, however, does not accompany his agreement to his master's terms with any expression of pleasure at the pride and glory which would attend his advancement; nor does he feel any. His ideas of the head of an island government are connected only with the certain prospect of obtaining a livelihood for those who are near and dear to him. Pride is a feeling which he does not possess beyond that small measure which teaches him to respect his own position in life, and to honor it by his probity. Glory is equally a stranger to the plain, honest laborer, who, notwithstanding his lack of the world's learning, and his ignorance of even the first law of letters, sees through the flimsiness of vain-glory, and knows fame to be above his capacity, while he feels it to be superior to his inclinations. The 'government,' therefore, is only regarded by him as a boon of somewhat the same character as that which a compliance with the demand of Micky Free, for the office of a gauger, would have appeared to that admirably-depicted worthy. Sancho accordingly follows Don Quixote with the confidence of a squire, and the natural buffoonery of a rustic clown.

The many ludicrous adventures in which these two heroes engaged are already matters of history. The story of the windmills has furnished our own language with a proverb. The tossing of Sancho in a blanket; his being beaten at the inn which his master believed to be a castle; the battle with the skins of wine; the conversation of Sancho with the

duchess; and his judgments in the island of Barrataria; are all too well known and admired to need farther allusion here. Not so, however, with the words of wisdom which the common sense of the honest Sancho frequently induced him to advance in opposition to his master's folly. For Sancho was not mad; he was only simple and unsophisticated. Don Quixote was entirely theoretical; Sancho was eminently practical. Don Quixote imagined a world of his own, and behaved as if that world did really exist. Sancho on the other hand could distinguish between reality and supposition; and not knowing the world by experience, he made it a rule to take it as he found it. The master represented the world to Sancho in a light in which it had never before appeared to the squire, and the latter gave full credence to the picture because he knew no better, and had no reason to doubt the promises of the Hidalgo, or to question the correctness of his statements. Don Quixote's sincerity, Sancho knew, was unquestionable; and he never doubted the knight's sanity until Don Quixote mistook a windmill for a giant, a flock of sheep for an army of troops, and a barber's basin for a helmet. Sancho's judgment or common sense rebelled against such an unusual conglomeration of ideas, for which he was at a loss to account. But when Don Quixote explained these apparent deceptions by assuring Sancho that it was enchantment alone which prevented him from seeing that he was wrong and his master right, the squire believed, because he could not disbelieve, not knowing what enchantment meant.

A brief allusion to a few of the scenes in which the heroes of Cervantes' history are coëqually distinguished may serve to explain their respective characteristics.

On their first sallying forth in company to 'seek adventures, redress wrongs,' etc., Sancho reminds his master of the promised island which is to be given to him to be governed, and which he asserts he can rule 'for as large as it may be;' to which Don Quixote replies that it is an old custom among knights-errant to confer islands on their squires, and that far from abrogating it he will improve upon it, by conferring a government on Sancho on the earliest occasion, instead of waiting, as was in ancient times the observance, until the squire was old and gray.

'In which case,' replies Sancho, 'if I become king by one of the miracles of which your worship speaks, Juana Gutierrez would come to be queen, and my children Infantes.'

'Who doubts it?' answers Don Quixote.

'I doubt it,' replies Sancho, 'because I hold that though God were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, none would sit well on the head of Mari Gutierrez. Know, your worship, that for a queen she is not worth two maravedis. A countess would suit her much better, and even then God help her.'

A whole volume, had Cervantes thought fit to spend his time on this branch of the subject, could not have given his readers a better idea of the candid and practical, though clownish nature of Sancho Panza. And on another occasion, Sancho declares, 'I am an old Christian, and to be a count is quite enough for me.' So far for his thoughts on royalty and aristocracy. The next example gives some idea of his personal courage.

The Don exhorts Sancho never to make any attempt to aid him in any

of his encounters unless his adversaries are *canaille* and low persons. When the opposing party is a knight or gentleman, Sancho is on no account to take any part in the engagement. To which instructions Sancho replies:

'You shall certainly be obeyed in this, Señor; the more so as I am a peaceful man, and an enemy to putting myself into troubles and noises.' And in another place, when Don Quixote desires Sancho to leave him for a while, he objects. 'No,' says Sancho, 'I cannot do that, because on separating from you, fear is with me immediately. Let this therefore be a notice to your worship, that from this time forward, I will not budge an inch from your presence.'

The plain-spoken Sancho knew little of the art of flattering his superiors. When asked by Don Quixote, after the battle with the Biscayan, in which the knight lost half an ear, 'Sancho, tell me for thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than I in all the explored places of the earth? Hast thou ever read in histories of any other who has or may have had more vigor in attacking, more spirit in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, or more energy in overthrowing?' — Sancho's answers to these questions are more candid than polished. 'The truth is,' he replies, 'that I have never read any history, because I know not either to read or write; but what I can affirm is, that a more audacious master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life; and may God grant that these audacities be not paid for where I have already said,' (the Inquisition.)

The little care felt by Sancho for a superior station on account of the personal dignity which it would confer, has already been adverted to. We may here give an example of this feeling. Don Quixote tells Sancho of a wonderful balsam, of which he has the recipe, and which possesses such marvellous qualities that he explains its uses to Sancho in the following words:

'When you see that in any battle they have cut my body in two, as very frequently happens in an encounter, thou hast nothing more to do than to put the half which has fallen neatly over the half remaining in the saddle, taking care to place them together equally and as they ought to be, and then give me only two mouthfuls of the balsam, and thou wilt see me sounder than an apple.'

Sancho's answer is rich in its way. 'If there be such a thing, I renounce from this time forward the government of the promised island; I want nothing in payment for my many and good services, but that your worship should give me the recipe of this extraordinary liquor.'

All ideas of glory and fame vanish before the chance of making a rapid fortune after the manner of our modern Hallowsays, Moffatts, etc. Sancho is not, however, backward in assurance on the occasion of his being asked by the servant at the inn, 'What is a knight-errant?'

'Are you then so new to the world,' replies Sancho, 'as not to be aware of that? Know then, my sister, that a knight-errant is a thing which in two words expresses one who is cuffed (*apaleado*) and an emperor. To-day he is the most unfortunate and needy creature in the world, and to-morrow he will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire.'

'Then thou,' replies the girl, 'being such to this good gentleman, hast not, as it would seem, even a county.'

'It is yet early,' retorts Sancho, 'because it is only a month that we have been seeking adventures, and as yet we have not fallen on any thing, and at times 'one thing is sought and another is found;' but truly, if my master were well of his wound and fall, I would not change my hopes for the best title in Spain.'

Nothing so much displeases Sancho in his new mode of life as his master's having imposed silence on him, except when he is addressed. One of his remonstrances is to the following effect:

'Señor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your blessing and your leave to return home to my wife and children, because your worship's wishing me to wander with you by night and day in these solitudes, without speaking when it pleases me, is to bury me alive. If Fate would allow that animals might speak, as they did in the time of Guisopete, it would not be so bad, because I would divide my thoughts with my donkey, and so alleviate my evil fortune. It is a vile thing, and not to be borne with patience, to seek adventures all one's life, and to find nothing but kicks and blanket-tossings, cudgellings and cuffs, and withal to have to seal up the mouth, without daring to say what one has in his heart, as if one were dumb.'

Moved by this energetic appeal, Don Quixote condescends to accord to Sancho leave to express himself on certain occasions, and in certain places. But the trusty squire experiences a new difficulty. The knight is too fond of good grammar, and the correct application of correct language, in neither of which qualifications is Sancho a proficient. Sancho again remonstrates in these terms:

'Señor, once or twice, if I do not ill-remember, I have begged your worship not to amend my words so long as you understand what I mean to say. If your worship does not comprehend me, tell me, 'Sancho, or Diablo, (devil,) I do not understand thee;' and if I do not then declare myself, you may correct me as you please, for I am so focile——'

'Then,' replies the Don, 'I do not understand thee now, Sancho. I know not what is focile.'

'Focile means,' says Sancho, in explanation, 'that I am always so—— thus——'

'I understand you less now,' retorts Don Quixote.

'Then,' replies Sancho, 'if you do not understand me, I know not how it is said. I know no more, and may God be with me.'

Don Quixote subsequently discovers that Sancho means 'docile.'

Sancho's opinion on the necessity for learning, as touching the fitness to govern, is ludicrously described by Cervantes. Don Quixote hints that when Sancho grows older, he will be better able to take charge of the island; to which position Sancho replies:

'By Heaven! the island which I could not govern now, I would not be able to govern with the years of Methusaleh. The damage lies in that the island is amusing itself I know not where, and not in my want of judgment to rule it. I have seen governors who, to my thinking, do not come up to the sole of my shoe, and with all that they are styled 'Lordships.'

'At least,' argues Sanson Corrasco, 'governors should understand *gramatica*,' (grammar.)

'As for the *grama*,' (an agricultural instrument,) replies Sancho, 'I should be quite at home; but the *tica* I do not trouble myself about, for I do not understand it.'

In no part of the history, however, does Sancho shine so much as in the palace of the duke by whom he is promoted to the governorship of the island of Barrataria. The duke and duchess, entering fully into the spirit of the folly which animates the wanderers, place Sancho in possession of a post of authority over certain of their vassals, taking care at the same time, not only that Sancho shall do no mischief in his exalted position, but that an effectual lesson shall be taught him of the comparative happiness of his humble lot with reference to his humble capacity. The ridiculous plight in which Sancho's position thrusts him is too well known to need any thing farther than a passing glance. He is starved because etiquette requires it; he is troubled at the most unseasonable hours by persons appointed by the duke's agents for the purpose, and required to decide on the most frivolous questions, and to give money on the most absurd pretexts; and finally the sudden entry of an impromptu invading army into his island causes Sancho to be so unmercifully beaten and trampled on while he is encased in a suit of very heavy armor, that he is glad at length to give up his government and retire, as some statesmen who are fading into unpopularity have it, 'into the privacy of domestic life.' There is a grave lesson contained in this ridiculous adventure, which is sufficiently obvious without the aid of much criticism. It contains an admirable lecture on the folly of aspiring to positions beyond the limit of one's capacity, and of a higher order than one is mentally competent to fulfil. Many are the examples in every day life of men who blame Fate and Fortune, and other unconcerned heathen powers, for denying to aspirants a chance of manifesting to the world how well they could accomplish great designs, work vast wonders, and completely outshine those who actually hold the envied situations. The cases are rare where the personal ambition is gratified so far as to find itself in the position coveted; but the almost certain result, wherever such a case does occur, is that the man whose only qualification for exaltation was his ardent desire to be so exalted, discovers, when too late, that

'Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.'

a quotation that will serve our turn in this instance quite as well as the hackneyed and somewhat vulgar axiom which declares that it is not possible 'to make a silk purse,' etc. Sancho entertains in all its force the feeling which probably gave rise equally to the immortal saying of the inimitable bard, and to the more humble truism whose antiquity we will not pretend to trace. The honest Panza, who has always and in all sincerity believed that he could govern an island 'as well as any governor that ever lived in the world,' and whose great ambition it has been to have an island to govern, finds at length that the cares of authority are as great as its emoluments; that the one is indispensable to the other; and farther, that he is fit for neither.

After several trials, the duke dispatches a messenger express to warn

Sancho that there are persons about him who mean to take his life. These unforeseen difficulties speedily put our friend Panza entirely out of conceit as to the delights of ruling, and he is at last led to declare with great fervor that he was much happier as a peasant than as a 'lord over many.'

It is pleasing to remember, too, that in the midst of his prosperity, Sancho never forgot his donkey. In the letter to his wife, written as he was on the point of setting out to take possession of his island, he says : 'The donkey is well, and commends himself to thee ; and I do not think of leaving him, even though they should exalt me to be Grand Turk.'

One great feature in the character of Sancho is his stock of innumerable proverbs. Below will be found a few, selected from among the many. It must, however, be premised that these sayings must lose immeasurably in the translation, for this reason : The *refranes* of the Spaniards, like many of our own homely but trite sayings, derive much of that force which binds them to the memory, either from a particular play upon the words employed, or from the rhyming, jingling sound which one portion of the sentence bears with another. For example, we say : 'Wilful waste makes woful want ;' and the alliteration in this sentence rendering it striking, causes it to be easily remembered. 'The mice begin to play when the cat is out of the way,' is another illustration ; so also is, 'A feather shows how the wind blows.'

Many of Sancho's proverbs are made up on the same engaging principles, and as they can only be rendered into plain prose, the point of attraction is defeated, though the point of meaning may be fully preserved.

Among Sancho Panza's most remarkable proverbs are the following :

'One devil resembles another.'

'Let no one put himself to judge the white for black, nor the black for white, for every one is as God made him, and even worse many times.'

'The best sauce in the world is hunger.'

'He who covers thee discovers thee.'

'One 'Take !' is worth two 'I will give thee !''

'Many *littles* make a *much*, and while something is gained nothing is lost.'

'A good heart breaks (or destroys) evil fortune.'

'The hare leaps when it is not thought,' (when it is not expected.)

'Tell me with whom thou walkest, and I will tell thee who thou art.'

'Not with whom thou art born, but with whom thou associatest.'

There are scores of others, and they furnish great temptation to transcribe a large number, but our present duty is to do more than make extracts.

We however regretfully take leave of the worthy Sancho, the squire of squires, the honest, true-hearted Manchego, whose faithfulness to his master is no where so strongly marked as in his reply to Don Quixote, who had called him 'an ass :

'Señor mio, I confess that to be an ass nothing is wanting to me but the tail ; and if your worship wishes to put one on me, I will hold it as well placed, and I will serve you as a donkey all the days which remain to me of my life.'

The return of Don Quixote to his own home, attended still by his trusty attendant, the poor gentleman's illness and death, and the profound grief of Sancho Panza, are most pathetically and beautifully told, inasmuch that the concluding passages of this remarkable history, although divested of all the ridicule and irony with which the preceding pages abound, are no less imbued with true beauty.

There is one point in the history of Don Quixote to which we must allude before the pen which is thus pleasantly occupied is laid aside. It is the severe censure applied by Cervantes to that description of selfish and inconsiderate conceit which accuses of cruelty and hardheartedness all women who refuse to marry exemplary but love-sick swains. Cervantes desired, in the passage which we are about to quote, to correct the mistaken notion that those affections which are termed broken hearts are less attributable to the unreasonable and dogged obstinacy of hasty youth than to cruelty on the part of such maidens as do not happen to love those who love them.

Don Quixote falls accidentally into the company of certain shepherds, who are performing the last rites for a deceased friend, whose death they attribute to the savage nature of one MARCELA, who had refused to entertain the proposals of GRISOSTOMO. The shepherds are uttering denunciations against the savage woman, whose bitterness has been the cause of their friend's death, when suddenly Marcela herself, a maiden of surpassing beauty, appears on the summit of a crag opposite to the rude tomb of her former lover. The following is an extract from her address, when she is asked by one of the spectators if she comes to see whether the wounds of Grisostomo will give forth blood in her presence, or to gaze from the height, like another Nero at burning Rome, on the corpse of her unhappy victim:

'HEAVEN made me, as you say, beautiful. I know with the natural understanding which God has given me, that all that is beautiful is good; but I see not that the object loved for beauty is obliged to love the lover; and moreover, supposing that the lover of the beautiful one should be ugly, and being ugly, worthy of being abhorred: it were ill to say, 'I love thee, being beautiful; thou must love me, though I am ugly.' . . . If HEAVEN had me ugly instead of handsome, would it be just for me to complain of you because that you loved me not? How much now have you to consider that I chose not the beauty which I possess; for such as it is, HEAVEN in grace gave it to me, without my seeking or choosing it. And thus, as the viper does not deserve to be blamed for his poison, although he kills with it, Nature having provided it, as little do I deserve to be blamed for being beautiful. Beauty in the honest woman is like fire set apart, or like a sharp sword afar off: neither does that burn, nor does this cut him who does not come near to it. I was born free, and to live freely I chose the solitude of the fields. The trees of these mountains are my companions; the clear waters of these streams are my mirrors: with these trees and with these waters I communicate my beauty and my thoughts. Fire am I, set apart, and a sword placed at a distance. Those whom I have enamored by sight I have undeceived with words; and if desire is fed by hope, I not having given any to Grisostomo, nor to any other, it may well be said, that rather did his obstinacy kill him

than my cruelty. And if it is pleaded that his thoughts were honest, and that for this I should have corresponded to them, I say that when on that same spot where his grave is now prepared, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I said to him that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth only should enjoy the fruits of my acknowledgments and the spoils of my beauty. And if he with all this wished to prevail against hope and navigate against the wind, what is it that he has been wrecked in the midst of the gulf of his unreasonableness ! Undeceived, he continued ; unabhorred, he despaired. See now if it be reasonable that for his pain the fault is attributed to me ! He who calls me a savage and a basilisk, let him leave me as a thing dangerous and evil ; he who calls me ungrateful, let him not serve me ; he who calls me unthankful, let him not know me ; cruel, let him not follow me. This savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel and unthankful one, will neither seek them, serve them, know them, nor follow them in any manner. If the impatience and mad desire of Grisostomo killed him, why must my honest conduct and reserve be blamed ? If I preserve my purity in the company of these forests, why must it be that he should undo it who wished me to lose it among men ? The honest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages and the care of these goats amuse me. The end of my desires is these mountains, and if they stretch beyond, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, the road by which the soul travels to its first dwelling.'
